2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leiſe trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe: Let him conſider;
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greeſe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray ſtand up,
Your greeſe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a
You may behold 'em (Lady,
He that will all the Treaſure
Muſt know the Center too;
For my leaſt minnow, let hi
To catch one at my heart. O
Extremity that ſharpens ſun
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you ſay not
Who cannot feele, nor ſee t
Knowes neither wet, nor dr
The ground-peece of ſome
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capi
Such heart peirc'd demonſtr
Being a naturall Sifter of ou
Your ſorrow beates ſo arde
That it ſhall make a counte
My Brothers heart, and war
Though it were made of ſto

Theſ. Forward to'th Te
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celeb
Will long laſt, and be more
Your Suppliants war: Ren
Knowles in the eare, o'th w
Is not done raſhly; your firſt
Then others laboured medi
More then their actions: Bu
Soone as they mooves as A
Subdue before they touch, t
What beds our ſlaine Kings

2. *Qu.* What greiſes ou
That our deere Lords have

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th
Thoſe that with Cordes, Kn
Weary of this worlds light,
Beene deathes moſt horrid
Affords them duſt and ſhad

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

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